

The Home.

SOWING THE SEED.

Not a word we say falls fruitless,
Not a deed we do decays;
Every thought and word and action
Will be found in future days.
Grant, then, Lord of all the harvest,
That the seeds we daily sow
May refresh the hearts of others,
Spreading blessings as they grow.

TOM AND HIS FURNITURE.

When Tom came home at night, wearied from a long day's worry and vexation in the office, he received a loving welcome from his wife.

That is, he would have received a loving welcome if they had owned no furniture. It was the furniture that played the mischief with Tom's domestic bliss.

He would enter the front door, tired and exhausted, and his wife would meet him and say:

"Why, Tom, it's very strange that you can never come into the front door without winding the entry mat up in a roll. You have nearly spoiled it now. It's no use for me to try to have anything. You are sure to spoil it by your careless habits."

"I'm sorry, my dear," began Tom, "but—"

"Oh, Tom," broke in his wife "don't stand there with the door wide open and the dust blowing in upon my furniture. It will all be ruined completely. Oh, dear! a man is such a careless animal, and I sometimes think he should never be allowed to enter a house, but should be confined somewhere in the yard in a strong cage, with no carpets, no furniture, no draperies, nor anything."

"If you will buy me a cage," said Tom, "I will live in it," and he threw himself wearily into a chair.

"Mercy on us!" screamed his wife. "Tom, get out of that chair at once. Haven't I told you a thousand times that that chair was never made to sit in?"

"I always thought that was the purpose for which a chair was made," said Tom.

"That's just as stupid as some men are," said his wife.

"I hope my cage will be ready tomorrow," said Tom, as he threw open the front blinds to gaze out upon the sunset.

"It is strange, Tom," said his wife, "that you can never go near those windows without tangling yourself all up in the lace curtains. You are just like a child. You think you must look out of every window you see. Here you came into the house and then immediately go to looking out of doors. If you wanted to see the scenery outside why didn't you stay out?"

Tom closed the blinds and threw himself into another chair without a word. Much married life had made him taciturn.

"There, Tom, you have torn that tidy off the back of that chair, just the way you always do. Here I worked for weeks and weeks on that tidy and slaved myself to death in trying to make our home look pretty and beautiful. I wish I was dead! There!"

"May I be allowed to stand on one foot in the middle of the room, my dear?" meekly suggested Tom.

"Yes, and on that elegant Turkish rug that cost us so much money, with your dirty shoes on."

"I have had several stubborn misapprehensions of mine corrected today," said Tom. "My ignorance was so dense that I was actually stupid enough to think that chairs were made to be sat upon, that rugs were made to walk over and that windows were made to look out of. But now to my clarified vision, I see what monstrous delusions I have been cherishing."

Here Tom took his hat and started away.

"Why, Tom," said his wife, "you have just come home. Where are you going?"

"I am going out," said Tom, "to commit some crime to see if I can't be sent to the penitentiary, so that I can have a place of residence where I can sit down and enjoy myself."—[N. Y. World.]

A GIRL'S COMPLAINT.

Seriously, when one comes calmly to consider the conversation that has taken place between you and most of the men you have happened to meet for the last few months (and, worst of all, are likely to go on meeting for the next few months, and perhaps—who knows?—for years,) why the conclusion one comes to is that men are stupid, that they either don't exert themselves to talk intelligibly when they meet an intelligent girl, or that they have come some time ago to the happy conclusion that all girls are next door to idiotic. Society must surely be a shocking bore to these poor men; and if we may judge from the worn and weary expression generally to be seen on the countenance of a man who goes out much, it is a bore to him.

I grant that some girls are stupid and very uninteresting; but my complaint is, that when girls are nice, intelligent and full of cleverness, men are so lazy, or so blind, or so stupid, that they will not behave to them like beings endowed with the ordinary amount of brains. We girls are always being asked why we don't do as our ancestors did before—viz., marry the first man that asks us; we say the world has advanced, and we could not live with a husband with whom we have no companionship, and we go on to think of the men we have met, and that we may have been said to know, and the reflection only makes us more determined to wait till we are old and gray, rather than link

ourselves to a man who is no sort of a companion to us, and will never appreciate any of the qualities that make us dear to a large circle of friends who have taken the trouble to talk to us, and to know us. I am not a clever girl, nor a blue stocking, nor anything approaching it, but only a girl who has a heart and a mind, and who is very anxious that the other sex, if they do possess such qualities, would not endeavor to conceal them, and would try to find out the conversational powers of the girls they meet in society. There is more real pleasure in conversation than in anything, and even though young men and girls may not be in the least inclined to a serious consideration as to whether they can ever be companionable for life, surely they may talk to each other.—[English paper.]

DARKENED SLEEPING ROOMS.

It is claimed by some physicians that the brain cannot rest perfectly unless all light is excluded from the sleeping room, and whether in going to bed at night or simply lying down for a half-hour's rest in the middle of the day, this precaution should be taken. Where a house has an eastern or southern exposure the rooms will be filled with light long before it is time to get up, and unless some means be taken to prevent, the morning rest will be more or less broken. Especially is this true in the case of little children, and it is well to accustom them from the first to sleep in the dark.

In the absence of outside blinds there is no better way to secure this pleasant twilight so conducive to rest than by the use of inside shades made of the darkest green holland, and they have a great advantage over either inside or outside blinds in that they are so easily adjusted. They supplement but do not take the place of the ordinary shades, but are set somewhat inside, so as not to interfere with them, and are rolled up and are quite out of the way when not in use.

The best grade of this goods is durable, and with reasonable care will last for years, and from her own experience the writer can recommend them as a most desirable investment.

If the bedroom windows have upper panels of stained glass in which so many modern houses abound, the green shades should be set so as to cover these also, as an exceedingly unpleasant glare pours down from them, very trying to eyes which are trained to sleep in darkness as complete as possible.

USEFUL HINTS.

A good furniture polish may be made by putting equal parts of spirits of wine, vinegar and olive oil in a large bottle and shake thoroughly every day for a week, when it will be ready for use. This polish should be applied to the furniture with a soft woolen cloth and thoroughly rubbed in. If the furniture is very dirty, it may be rubbed clean with a woolen cloth dipped in kerosene.

To polish a table until it will reflect the books laid upon it, first wash it well and rub it dry. Then take one ounce of yellow resin and a pint of raw linseed oil; melt the resin and add to it by degrees one-half of the oil. When these are thoroughly incorporated add by degrees the remainder of the oil.

To polish brass stair rods rub them with a soft cloth that has been dipped in water and then in finely sifted coal ashes. After they have been well rubbed in this way, polish with a dry flannel rag until they shine brightly and every particle of the ashes has disappeared.

When the broom is worn out, cut off the handle within a foot of the broom. Sharpen the end of the handle and drive it down near the scraper. The broom will serve a good purpose between the scraper and the mat.

FREE-TAKE ONE.

The New Parlor Maid—"Miss Allen says she's not at home, sir." He—"Oh—er—really. Then tell her I didn't call."—[Boston Budget.]

Teacher—"When water becomes ice what is the great change that takes place?" Pupil—"The change in price."—[Harlem Life.]

He—"It goes without saying." She—"What does?" He—"A deaf mute's conversation."

"Didn't the ladies who called leave cards?" Bridget—"They wanted to, ma'am, but I told them you had plenty of your own, and better, too."—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

Doctor—"You must give up drinking." Mr. Sickly—"I never touch a drop." Doctor—"And stop smoking." Mr. Sickly—"I don't smoke." Doctor—"Humph! that's bad." If you haven't anything to give up, I'm afraid I can't do much for you."—[Tit-Bits.]

"Just look at the color of this water. Why, it's not fit to drink!" said an indignant guest to the waiter at a hotel in Seguin, Tex. "Dat's whar you is foolin' yourself. Hit's the glass what's dirty."

Farmer Tibbets—"Hang that cow! I always have to club her fore I can make her stand still." Little Nephew (from the city)—"Is that the one that gives the whipped cream?"—[Chicago Tribune.]

Tommy (at the beach)—"What be the wild waves saying, mamma?" Mamma—"I'm sure I do not know, my boy." Tommy—"Bet I do. They are sayin' they wisht 'at little Tommy Jinks would come in a-swimmin'."

FARMER LIFE IN FRANCE.

[Written for the CALEDONIAN.]

A French official, at once a keen observer and an unbiased writer, tells in a recent magazine in an attractive manner of the conditions and opinions that most prevail in French country life. The striking contrast to farmer life in New England, where the standard of civilization, excellent in many ways, has suffered little from mistaken policies, the status of the French peasant from remote times has been subjected to misshapement from the quasi-serfdom, which under feudal law held him to the soil. He is, as we find him, an evolution of the century; for his emancipation dates from the Revolution which also parcelled out the land, and his privileges have been enlarged by the republic.

His environment is superior to anything that could possibly have been his lot a half century ago; but measured by our standards his life is still unattractive. He has few or no amusements, no workingmen's clubs, no concerts, no winter entertainments and no school festivities for the children. His reading is limited. Only a quarter of a century ago a man who could read the papers in the country districts was infrequent.

The new generation with better education shows a more decided inclination to read; and where formerly there was one paper there are now twenty. The French peasant, as a rule, is industrious and frugal; his food is simple, limited mainly to soups and vegetables, bread, cheese and salads, with some meats in harvest time.

The rural population is largely gathered in villages, whence the laborers go out to their work in the fields. Day laborers, farmers and small landowners divide the cultivation of the soil. The first, if regularly employed may earn about \$100 per year, and his food. The second, the farmer, rents from others the land he tills. His rents are high and his profits small, and results to him are not encouraging. Few, now-a-days, are able to save any money, and some as elsewhere become bankrupt.

The small land owner is, perhaps, the happiest man in a country parish. He and his colleagues may number thirty in a population of one thousand. He possesses from eighteen to one hundred acres of land, does much of his own work, has few expenses and is sure, at all events, of enough to live on. A well cultivated farm of fifty acres, free of encumbrances can be made to support six persons, and yield the owner an annual profit of \$100 to \$150, and this in spite of heavy taxes.

It is admitted that in the most prosperous portions of France, the land owners outnumber the farmers or renters of land, and it goes without saying that the general contentment and welfare is advanced to a higher plane.

There are many large farms, averaging about 350 acres each, mainly in the possession of absentee landlords who take no interest in the land beyond receiving their rents, and have little or no interests in or sympathy with the peasantry, and are included with those who do not look kindly upon any republican form of government.

The country is plentifully supplied with schools and the instruction found in them is very good. The teachers are all well trained and certified as to fitness, and the salaries paid by the government. School attendance is now compulsory, and gratuitous, and altogether matters shape themselves under the republic better than ever before.

S. O. TODD.

A CAT OF CHARACTER.

In the mountain districts of Pennsylvania two wrens had built their nests under the eaves of an old farmhouse, and there they reared a small, interesting family. Among the members of the farmer's household was a white cat, and when the wrens became so tame that they used to hop around the piazza in search of crumbs, the cat would lie in wait for them, and several times came within a bit of catching the adult birds. When the farmer noticed this, he punished the cat, and she finally learned that it was dangerous to fool with the wrens.

When the baby wrens grew larger, one of them fell out of the nest one day, and being too weak to run, and unable to fly, lay helpless on the grass. The cat saw the accident, and ran rapidly to seize the bird; but seeming to remember the lesson taught her, when she reached the helpless little thing, she only touched it daintily with her paw, and then lay down and watched it.

Presently there came a black and yellow garden snake toward the fluttering birdling. The cat was dozing, and was awakened by the fluttering of the bird. Instantly she rose, and struck at the reptile with her paw. This was an enemy the snake did not appreciate, but it was hungry, and darting forward, at-

tempted to seize the bird under the very shelter of the cat's head. Like a flash the cat seized the snake just back of the head, and killed it with one bite. When the farmer happened along in the afternoon, he found the cat crouching in the grass sheltering the bird, and ten feet away was the dead snake. This made it clear that the cat had carried the bird away from the snake. The young adventurer was soon restored to his anxious parents.—[Exchange.]

GREELEY'S MANNERS WERE BAD.

Horace Greeley stories being in order, in view of unveiling of his statue recently, I will tell one that I heard in New Orleans. The genial old philanthropist went there after the South had taken him to her heart in the full recognition of his action on going on the Jeff Davis bail bond, and the people were anxious to show him every attention in their power.

A dinner seemed the proper thing, and the markets of New Orleans, than which there are few better in the world, were ransacked to make the occasion as notable for its viands as for the distinction of the guest and the diners. Judge Walker, the veteran editor of the Picayune, presided; he was a great gourmand, and, after the manner of gourmards, wanted none of the fine points of the diner to be lost to the guest for lack of commentary.

"Mr. Greeley," said he, "these oysters are the best that come to our market, and we think they vie with those of Norfolk. I observe that you are not eating them."

"Well, no," replied Greeley; "the truth is I never could abide shell fish," and he passed.

Then came some delicious green turtle soup, which Judge Walker explained was prepared from the finest fat turtle the Florida bays could afford.

"No doubt, no doubt," was the reply in Greeley's peculiar whine, "but cold blooded animals are an abomination to me."

The pompano, imperial fish that it is, and fresh from the gulf, was open to the same objection, despite Judge Walker's eulogy, and that, too, was passed. Mr. Greeley barely tasted the accompanying Parisian dainty, and shook his head ruefully at the idea that anyone would impair his digestion by eating cucumbers. Shrimp salad, another New Orleans delicacy, proved no more tempting; shrimps, he said, looked so much like worms that they always give him the creeps.

"Ah, here is something you will like—a homely dish in name," said Judge Walker, "but fit for the gods. It is a Galicia ham." And then he went on to tell how the hogs from which these hams were obtained were fed only on chestnuts, making the flesh luscious and delicious.

"Perhaps so; very interesting indeed," observed Greeley; "but do you know, judge, that there is so much talk of trichinae nowadays that I wouldn't dare to taste a bit of pork."

The judge gave up in despair. The only things in all the array of dainties which had been provided which Mr. Greeley would eat were bread, potatoes and cauliflower, and he feared that he might be overloading his stomach at that; but when it came to the speaking, although he had drunk nothing but cold water, he spoke as one inspired, and with a fervor, eloquence and tenderness that nobody at the table could ever forget.—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

The expected constitutional tariff may fail through the treachery of one man, but the income tax can be passed only by the united and solid treachery of the democratic party organization in Washington. The president and congress, if they so desire, may sulk in the matter of tariff reform, and shrink from it, but at least let them refrain from throwing the democratic party, and with it the country, beneath the feet of the socialists.

Take the income tax away!—[N. Y. Sun.]

An agricultural laborer in India is supposed to receive five cents a day, but in general his wages are not so large.

In Private Practice.

Such strong proofs of the marvelous cures made by Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy have been brought to public notice lately, through the various newspaper investigations, that it has become now the standard medicine for the diseases for which it is prepared.

Dr. G. H. Ingraham of Amsterdam, N. Y., states, where the regular prescriptions used in a case of kidney disease and gravel utterly failed, he prescribed Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, and it cured the patient.

Dr. Wm. Smith of Jewett's Heights, N. Y., prescribed Favorite Remedy for Mrs. Casper Brooks of Athens, N. Y., who was suffering from kidney disease, ulceration of the stomach, complicated with sickness peculiar to her sex; after the second day steady improvement was noted, and final permanent recovery.

Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy acts directly upon the kidneys, liver and blood, in cases of nervousness, dyspepsia, rheumatism and Bright's disease; it has made most pronounced cures, after all other treatments have failed. Druggists sell it.

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